Graff

The Chicago Post.

EXTRA.

CHICAGO, MONDAY EAENING, OCTOBER 9, 1871.

CHICAGO ON FIRE!

The Fire Fiend Rampant.

FULL ACCOUNT OF THE TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATONS OF SATURDAY ANO SUNDAY NIONTS.

An Area of 700 Acres Completely Devastated.

The Court House, the Water Works, the Principal Hotels, and the Best Business Blocks in the City Entirely Destroyed.

Thousands of Families Rendered Destitute.

Business Completely Suspended.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Chicago seems doomed by the fire fiend. On Saturday afternoon, Sept. 30th, a conflagration visited that city in the shape of the destruction of a bonded warehouse and property to the amount of about $800,000. During the week following several minor fires took place in the city, the engines and firemen remaining in their houses scarcely three hours at a time without a call, and on Saturday evening, Oct. 7th, about 11 o'clock, while engaged in extinguishing a fire on Wells street, South Side, an alarm was sounded from box No 248, West Division. This alarm, it was ascertained, was occasioned by the discovery of fire in the boiler room of the planing mill of Lull & Holmes, situated on Canal street, between Jackson and Van Buren. All the engines not engaged at the Wall street fire immediately repaired to the scene of destruction in the West Division, but before they got into operation the building in which the fire originated was enveloped in flames.

The absence of rain for the past three or four weeks has rendered everything so dry and inflammable in Chicago, as well as elsewhere throughout the West, that a spark will start a fire—will sweep for miles without interruption. Only a few minutes after the striking of the alarm, flames were seen sweeping to the sky, and the lurid light that illuminated the horizon grew more and more powerful, casting its brilliant rays in every direction, bringing out in bold relief the fronts of the buildings which faced the burning element. The wind, which was blowing very strong from the southwest, carried with it sparks, cinders and partly burned pieces of wood, which covered the sky in dazzling spangles, and fell in fiery showers upon the buildings lying north and northeast of the burning mill. Three soon ignited, and, at one o'clock were one mass of flames or charred ruins. By this time every engine in the city, and those belonging at Bridgeport and Blue Island, were at work trying to arrest the progress of the devouring element. This, however, was not done until nearly a fifth block was destroyed.

The boundaries of the conflagration were as follows: Between Clinton and Canal streets, about three fourths of the area south toward Van Buren street. Between Canal street and the river, about nine-tenths of the area south toward Van Buren street. Between Canal street and the river, and Adams and Jackson streets, the entire area. Between Canal and Clinton streets, and Adams and Jackson streets, about seven eighths of the entire area. On the east side of Canal, north of Adams, about one hundred feet of frontage, this being the freight sheds of the Adams and United States Express Companies. As nearly as can be estimated, the total area burned over covers about twenty acres, which is by far the largest district ever devastated by fire in Chicago, even eclipsing the famous conflagration of 1857.

On Jackson street, aside from the planing mill above mentioned, and the lumber yard connected with it, the property consumed consisted of dwellings, barns and outhouses, which were all old and dry as tinder. Clinton street north of Jackson was also covered with dwellings and a few small carpenter shops. On Canal street in the rear of the planing mill was a box factory of Mr Foster which was destroyed. Among the most prominent sufferers on the east side of Canal street, next the river were the Union wagon works; Chapin & Foss, manufacturers of lath and shingles, John Sheriffs & Son, lumber dealers; B Holbrook, coal dealer; W E Johnson, coal dealer; and the blacksmith shops of the Pittsburgh and Ft. Wayne R R Co. The majority of the sufferers on Adams street between Canal and Clinton were families who lost nearly all they had. The Adams street viaduct was wrapped in flames and damaged to the amount of about $1,000. The losses in the above fire cannot be less than a million dollars.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

THE WEST SIDE.

Last night about nine o'clock a fire broke out in a barn on the corner of Twelfth and De Koven streets, occasioned by a cow kicking over a lamp. An alarm was quickly sounded, but the high wind prevailing at the time caused the building to burn and the fire to spread rapidly, and before the engines reached the ground several buildings were in flames and the firemen were forced to give way to the devouring element.

ITS COURSE.

The fire spread rapidly in an easterly and northeasterly direction, devouring everything in its track, and soon the two blocks from Jefferson to Clinton and from Clinton to Canal, were enveloped in one sheet of flame. Crossing Canal street, the fire crept steadily along the river, forcing everything of an inflammable nature to succumb. Vessels and canal boats were forced to cut loose, and float away as fast as they could, to prevent being burned. Steadily forcing the firemen to retreat, the fire made its way northward between Jefferson and Clinton streets, to VanBuren street, where it ceased, between those streets, but kept on burning between Clinton and Canal streets, and from Canal street to the river. At Van Buren street the fire crossed and burned what was left in that vicinity by the fire of Saturday night. Everything on the river front, from Taylor street to Adams street was burned. Among the most prominent buildings along that side of the river were the Chicago Dock Company, the St Louis and Alton freight depot, a large planing mill and sash factory. The National Elevator, which stood the test of fire all night, finally caught from the intense heat, and about three o clock on Sunday morning the building was one sheet of flame, making one of the grandest spectacles witnessed during the fire. The Adams street bridge, which stood the fire of Saturday night well, took fire about 12 o'clock on Sunday night, and was burned to the water's edge while standing open.

THE SOUTH SIDE.

About twelve o'clock the fire spread across the river in the neighborhood of Taylor street, and swept everything in its path. The Gas Works were soon ... and from thence northward and east the fiery element flew along with unabated fury, taking everything in its course.

THE HOTELS

All the prominent Hotels of the city are in ruins—The Pacific, Sherman, Tremont, Briggs, Palmer, Bigelow, Metropolitan, Mattison,—besides dozens of other smaller caravanserim scattered over the East Side from the river to the lake, and from Van Buren to Water st. The destruction of property is most terrible, and the scenes to be witnessed in the streets are heartrending. Business, of course is entirely suspended, and everything on wheels which can be made available for purposes of moving, are pressed into service for getting goods out of the reach of the devouring element. Wabash and Michigan avenues, as far south as Twenty second street, are lined with household goods and merchandise, and guarded by weary and weeping women and children. Thousands of families are already rendered homeless, and at this hour (... a. m.) the fire is rapidly extending southward from Lake street on the east side of State street, and it seems more than probable that the entire district north of Van Buren and east of Clark streets will be destroyed.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

building, which stood the heat for a long time, came in for its place among the list of sufferers, and soon after the fall of the Court House this handsome building lay a mass of smoldring coals.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH OFFICE

building was destroyed, as was also the whole block adjoining on the north and west of the same.

PRINTING OFFICES DESTROYED

All of the daily paper offices are closed. The *Journal, Post, Republican and Times* are among those destroyed. The *Tribune* building, being fire proof, stood the siege well, and will probabably make its appearance as usual to-morrow. The *Staats Zeitung* (German), and *Evening Mail*, which were in the same building with the *Evening Post*, suffered the fate of their neighbor. The Auxiliary Printing House of A. N Kellogg, together with Spaulding & Lemont's job office, are in ruins. The job offices of Rand & McNelly, Cameron, Amberg & Hoffman, Beach & Barnard, Rounds & Kane, Culver, Page & Hoyne, Jameson & Morse, and all of the prominent job offices of the city are gone.

THE COURT HOUSE

took fire about one o'clock, and at half past two the old Court House proper was enveloped in flames, the tall steeple falling about 3 o'clock. The spire came down with a crash, which increased the fury of the flames and created an insufferable heat for a great distance on all sides of the square.

THE POST OFFICE

after stemming the tide for hours, was forced to surrender to the flames, and about five o'clock on Monday morning it was completely "gutted" by fire. All the buildings adjacent to and in the vicinity of the Post Office are in ruins.

THE NORTH SIDE.

The fire has crossed the river to the North Side, and is devouring everything in its track, the fire engines being powerless, the Water Works being destroyed and the city left without water. The city is at the mercy of the flames, and all attempts to suppress them are fruitless.

It is known that several deaths have occurred, through various accidents and from the flames, but owing to the indescribable confusion which reigns everywhere it is impossible to arrive with any degree of accuracy at the particulars.

At five o'clock p m, the fire was still raging in the North Division and had reached as far as Chicago avenue, sweeping away everything in its course.

We are under great obligations to the Chicago Newspaper Union, under the management of C. E Strong, No 13 North Jefferson st, for accommodations by which we are enabled to issue this Extra. Arrangements will be made before many days for our regular daily issue, when subscribers to the Evening Post will be served as usual.

All persons connected with the Evening Post are requested to meet at No 13 North Jefferson-st. to-morrow (Tuesday) morning at 9 o'clock sharp.

ALL EMPLOYEES

OF

THE CHICAGO EVENING POST

ARE REQUESTED TO MEET AT

13 NORTH JEFFERSON STREET.

TO-MORROW,

AT 9 O'CLOCK SHARP.

THE CHICAGO

BOARD OF TRADE

HAVE THEIR ROOMS AT

51 & 53 CANAL STREET

THERE WILL BE A MEETING OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE CHICAGO

BOARD OF TRADE

AT 51 & 53 CANAL ST, TO-MORROW, OCT. 10, AT 10 A M

J. W. PRESTON,

PRESIDENT

The Reign of the Baby.

Our baby boy is king, is king!
He rules with a mighty sway.
But before you can understand the thing
You must watch his ways for a day.

From pokin' my sleepy eyes at dawn,
He turns to my boots on the floor,
And plays such pranks with them on the sly
As none e'er dreamed of before.

In vain, when I wake, I tug and pull—
The boot is no longer a fit;
And baby looks on in his innocent way:
You'd never suspect him a bit.

You'd never dream, till you turned them out,
What treasures a boot can hold.
But, bless you! it's only a trick of the king's—
It's better to teach than to scold.

Mamma, dear slave, now dresses the pet
And leaves him tidy and trim—
Ah! why did somebody fill up the tub
In the bathroom, near to the brim?

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" she cries, "how wrong!"
When the splash and the roar betray;
But she pities at heart her dripping boy—
And the king has had his way.

At breakfast, his majesty has a tiff,
Or a tantrum 'bout his wishes
Till the end of it all is a chair capsized,
And a terrible crash of dishes.

Off runs mamma for water, for help!
The darling will surely have fits!
But when she returns, his innocent hands
Are tearing her album to bits.

And so all day the king, our boy,
Makes mischief his royal pleasure,
He laughs and cries, and howls and fights
And still is our blessed treasure.

At last, from roaming the mansion through,
He finds such a lovely sky light!
And mounts the stair to the roof—O my!
This happens, we'll say, at twilight.

A miss is as good as a mile, you know,
And the edge of a roof isn't near—
Mamma, with heart in her throat, leans out
And captures the dear little rover.

Asleep at last in his downy bed!
Now a calmer look at our king,
And never he teased or meddled at all,
Which you'll own is a wonderful thing.

And we—mamma and myself—well, we
Are just his father and mother.
So we bend o'er the sleeper and proudly think
There never was such another.

HAPPY AFTER-THOUGHT.

Now boys and girls who read this tale,
Don't think all your pranks it will cover,
For quite a different rule sets in
When the sweet baby-days are over.

—*Hearth and Home*.

THE MOUSE AND HIS FRIENDS.

A Little Story for Little Readers.

BY ... ANNIE MOORE

From Our Young Folks

'Twas a winter night. The cold wind whistled loud and shrill, and the cold moonlight fell on all around.

But the old kitchen was warm. A fire blazed on the hearth and lighted up the brass andirons and bright tins wonderfully, a streak of pale moonlight lay across the floor, and a merry little cricket was singing on the hearth while the old clock beat time for him.

"Tick, tick, tick, *sing*," said the clock, and the cricket began. He sang of the beautiful summer time and of the warm glowing meadow.

A mouse put his head out of a hole. "Don't let me interrupt you," said he.

"Hullo!" said the Cricket. "We are waiting for you. Come through the moonlight for good luck."

"What good luck can there be for a three legged mouse?" said the new comer, as he limped in and took a seat before the fire.

"O, don't be unhappy," said the Cricket. "It will grow again."

"Never!" said the Mouse.

"Somebody will mend it," said the Table. "I have had two legs broken off short and mended again."

"Impossible," said the Mouse. "I wish that old Trap was—"

"My dear fellow," interrupted the Trap, "don't be unreasonable. I've nothing against you. It was only in the way of my business."

"Is it your business to nip off my leg?" said the Mouse in a passion.

"It is my business to catch you if I can," said the Trap. "That's what I am here for."

"I wish you were *not* here," then, said the Mouse. "It was very pleasant before you came."

"It was, indeed," said the Cricket. "You used to come and see us every night, and dance and frisk about as lively as a cricket, almost."

"My dancing days are over," said the poor Mouse.

"O dear no! Don't be down-hearted," said the Andirons. "Here, blaze away, you Fire, and make it look cheerful."

"You'll find something to eat in the crack under the table," said the Broom. "Some split peas and a ... Cook tried to make me sweep them away, but I wouldn't."

"An old Broom knows where the crumbs are," said the Cricket.

"You are very right," said the Mouse, as he went under the table and brought out the feast.

"Perfectly delicious," said he, as he nibbled away. "It is a long time since I have tasted a split pea."

"Have some cheese?" said the Trap.

"For shame!" cried the Broom. "Another word and I'll sweep you away." So the Trap said no more.

"Come," said the Cricket, "now tell us more about old times."

"Where did I leave off?" asked the Mouse.

"She didn't like cats," replied the Cricket.

"O yes. Polly didn't like cats," resumed the Mouse. "She threw water at them, and drove them away when ever they came near the house. So we were safe from *them*. She lost the trap. She said she couldn't tell whatever had become of it, and that loss was our gain. When she went out of an evening, she always left the doors open so we could come in from the shed and go straight into the pantry and help ourselves to cheese and pies and everything good."

"Catch Jane leaving the door open!" said the Broom.

"No," said the Mouse. "If you want to go in *now*, you must gnaw a hole, and by the time you get it gnawed, they fill it up. I am expecting every day they'll stop up the one I have made behind the door."

"Not if I can help it," said the Broom. "That's where I stand, you know, and I try to hide it."

"Thank you," said the Mouse. "I have some friends."

"I should think so," said the Cricket. "She always left the bread box open a little," continued the Mouse, "so that we could go easily in and out of it. We never nibbled a whole loaf or a whole pie. Take what we want. That was the rule."

"I wish I had been here then," said the Cricket.

"Ah, well," sighed the Mouse, "it was not all pleasant. Accidents happened. Once a couple of mice fell into a deep pan of milk, and with all that we couldn't get him out. I can remember the edge of the pan as many as fifty times, and some one slipping in myself, but it did no good. We had to leave him there, with his whiskers and the tips of his ears sticking up through the cream. 'Twas sad."

"O dear! If you had only had one of my straws he could have clung to it," said the Broom.

"Perhaps so," replied the Mouse, as he opened his eyes. "Another time a friend of mine fell into a pitcher, and couldn't get out, and we could do nothing for him. He was taken prisoner, and we never saw him again."

"O horrors!" exclaimed the Cricket.

"And though Polly was so kind to us in some ways," continued the Mouse, "she didn't really seem to like us. I've known her to scream and jump up on the table if one of us ran out on the floor."

"And so have I," said the Table, "to my sorrow."

"Come, come," said the Clock, as he struck twelve, "it is time to go to sleep. I'm going to take a nap myself, now I have come to the small hours, so good night."

"Good night, then," said the Mouse. "I'll take home this raisin for to-morrow."

"Do," said the Broom.

"Good night," chirped the Cricket. "Come again."

THE St. Croix (Wis.) *Republican* says the outlook betokens a lively winter in the lumber business. Four-horse teams are busy hauling supplies from that place to the woods, and large crews are building camps, hovels, opening new roads, shanding fallen timber, clearing the river of obstructions, etc. General activity pervades every department.

EVERGREENS—Merchants who expect to make money without advertising.

Questions for Women to Answer.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps writes in the *Independent*:

That colporteur would perform a truly Christian work who would circulate among women a tract bearing these questions:

How much more power of endurance does it require to mow a field in the sun on a July day than to cook three meals for six men and a family of children over blazing coals?

If field work is more exhaustive to the system than house and dairy work, why is it said that two-thirds of the women in our insane asylums are farmers wives?

How does it happen that a woman has not the "physical strength" to follow the carpenter's trade who is able to to take in washing "for a living?"

How much more muscle is needed for lifting ladders and adjusting joists, and striking nails, than for wringing blankets and scrubbing overalls?

By what laws of comparison do we infer that a woman who can stand at the ironing table ten hours a day, with the thermometer at 98 deg. in the shade, her stove on full draught, and the windows closed, lest the irons cool, cannot practice the stone mason's trade for lack of physical strength?

Did it ever occur to you that the woman who can sweep a room can drive an omnibus? That the dust she takes into her lungs on Saturdays may possibly be as injurious to them as the oversight and lifting of trunks which would fall to her in the character of a baggage-master?

What is to prevent the woman who can faultlessly superintend the "house cleaning" of a large establishment from qualifying herself to be an "able and ladylike" railroad conductor?

Is a woman who can take a large family through the scarlet fever without assistance likely to find herself too weak in body to bear the physical burdens incumbent upon the profession of a lawyer?

Ought not any woman who is able to be her own nursery maid to be able to harness a horse?

Is it any more unpleasant business to harness a horse than to be a nursery-maid?

Does not every housekeeping and home working woman perform tasks as uncleanly, as distasteful, as much calculated to render her coarse, uncomely, unrefined, "unladylike," as the large majority of those from which she is debarred by fear of these results?

Is it any more unbecoming a respectable woman to be a bricklayer, in a safe and modest gymnasium costume, than to waltz in a low necked dress at an evening party?

Are most honest occupations from which public sentiment excludes woman more foreign to the self-respect of a woman than most to which she is secluded?

How do you know for what women are physically qualified till you have undertaken to learn, rather than to assume?

Covent Garden Market.

A change is threatened in London which will altogether destroy the illusions of a locality as much visited hitherto as any other in the metropolis. There has been a quarrel between the gardeners, who supply London with fruits and vegetables, and the Duke of Bedford, about Covent Garden Market, the result of which had been a determination on the part of the gardeners to move away and establish their market elsewhere. The glory of Covent Garden will have departed with the products of the farms and gardens. Who that has visited the place can forget the gigantic gooseberries, the courtly camellias, the apricots full of sunshine, and the D'Angouleme pears at a guinea apiece, that used to delight the eye in the old sheds of the market-place? All this will quickly vanish from the scene, and when the Duke of Bedford shall let the property for uses less fragrant and picturesque, not even the Opera nor Evans' supper-rooms can retain for Covent Garden the local interest that has belonged to it.

ONE day, while a "clerical gentleman from down East was saying grace at the table of a gentleman in Fordham, Frank, the youngest of his flock, aged three, did not like the notion of keeping quiet so long at a time, and finally, being unable to wait any longer, burst out: "Wait till I det a drink of water, and den you tan pray all you want to."

At the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, a little child was standing with her mother at Lord Ashburton's window, to see the funeral go by. She made no remark until the Duke's horse was led by, the saddle empty, and the boots reversed in the stirrups, when she looked up into her mother's face and said, "Mamma, when we die will there be nothing left of us but our boots?"

On hearing the report that the shocking condition of the firemen's hose had resulted in the destruction of a large amount of property, a woman sat up all night darning her husband's stockings.

A Dutch Canal.

"Rob Roy" writes the following account of his visit to one of the vast engineering works for which the inhabitants of Holland are celebrated:

"The North Holland Canal, which was cut to save a roundabout from Amsterdam by the Zuyder-Zee, is more than fifty miles long, and enables large ships to enter Holland at its extreme northern end. But this canal is too long, too narrow, too tortuous, and too shallow for the increasing length and depth of our largest merchant vessels. To save time, then, and much trouble and transshipment, the new canal opens to the west instead of the north. It is fifteen miles in length instead of fifty two. Its depth is twenty-six feet available instead of sixteen feet, and no bends or sudden turns obstruct the passage any where.

"At present the work is precisely in that condition most interesting to inspect, being just beyond the state in which any doubt can remain as to ultimate success. Very likely this success will sap the other canal, and reduce Niewe Diep to a marine depot; perhaps it will also draw the golden tide from Rotterdam, but perhaps, too, the merchants there will shift their quarters to the better *entrepot* of Amsterdam, and yet, perhaps, indeed, when all is done, a certain German prince will stretch out his iron hand and ask for the new road, and very graciously thank those who made it for him.

"First of all, locks are being placed on the east to inclose an artificial lake about twelve miles long, at one end of which rests Amsterdam and a deep channel is dredged along this lake, with two banks gradually rising into solid tow paths. Minor canals, in all about twelve miles long, are left on either side to communicate with the little towns now on the shores of the Y, but all this intermediate area of water will be pumped out, and so nearly 12,000 acres will thus be reclaimed. No one can say how much this new territory will sell for, but an acre I asked about at random was valued at £100.

"The dredging is far better done than it was on the Suez Canal. The machinery has been steadily improved and simplified, and the latest and best appliance was only completed a few days ago. This consists of a tube resting near the ooze at the bottom, and containing a shaft with a centrifugal pump, which draws up the sand and water bodily—about half of each in the mixture—and forces it along wooden pipes floated along the surface of the water and flexibly jointed by leather hides. The slush is thus poured through a conduit about three hundred feet long and one foot broad, which resembles a huge black snake coiled and asleep on the water, and with its tail turned over the bank at the side. Through this tail, even when it is raised eight feet above the level, a copious fluid rushes, black as ink, but fertile for the next hundred generations of cheese making Hollanders. So simple is this plan that already it is being applied to the great banks of the Danube, and I saw boxes full of the hide joints being sent to the Sulina mouth.

"The banks thus formed are gradually raised above the surface to the average of three feet, and then a layer of stiff clay is placed over the sand. On this is spread a sort of matting of loose reeds which grow profusely in every lagoon. Long twigs of the willow-like tree named 'rys' are then laid down, and stakes about four feet long are driven through them in rows, while a regular twisted wattling of 'rys' is securely worked into these, and the whole assumes a most business like aspect, utterly different from the loose, unprotected sandbanks of the Suez Canal, which latter the water, the wind, and their own weight all conspire to ruin. Better than all the rest, a plant called 'helm,' which grows naturally on the sand hills, is being planted like cabbage rows upon the new formed banks, and thus rapidly takes root, and binds all together. This plan is to be tried on the Suez Canal, but probably the climate and the larger proportion of salt water in the Egyptian and may prevent the 'helm' from growing there. At the end of the lake we reached the four miles of solid sand and elevated ground which had to be cut through before the western shore of Holland is attained. The deepest cutting is not more than 100 feet, and is a mere matter of digging and carrying away. At length we came to the locks close to the sea. These are of enormous size, 500 feet long and 60 feet broad, with a depth over the sill of 30 feet. The stonework facing of these is beautifully fitted, and the 25,000,000 of Dutch bricks here laid are a model of brick laying. The width of the canal from centre to centre of the towing path is about 500 feet, but at the edge of the main channel only 200 feet, and 80 feet at the bottom; but this gives ample room for the largest vessels to pass each other. Now we are in the thick of the 'dunes' or sand hills, Holland's western wall. They are not bare, but rather jungly in their look, and hares and rabbits, and curlew and spoonbills, are plentifully found by the sportsmen on these wilds. Climbing this barrier, we can look down on the two gigantic pier arms that stretch forth boldly into the stormy sea, and which keep steadily lengthening every week, and gradually tending in their ends to form the grand entrance to the new born port. Nearly one-half of these piers are already finished, and this not by casting in the huge blocks promiscuously, as at Port Said, but by placing every one on its proper bed, well fitted to its neighbors, and bound by its own ties, so as to form a smooth-faced, upright sea-wall. The blocks thus placed are made of concrete and Portland cement, in weight about ten tons each, just as at Port Said, and thousands of them are still on the shore waiting to be run along the pier, and then to be hoisted up by the iron neck of the great steam 'Titan' which will swing them into their final beds."

Boxing a Critic's Ears.

The system which prevails in French journalism of signing critiques has its disadvantages. When a writer is informed that "a tall and powerful young woman," in an obvious state of excitement, insists upon seeing him, he may be pardoned some vague apprehension as to his personal safety. It appears that M. Jouvin, of the *Figaro*, has not spoken of Mdlle. Hisson, of the French opera, as favorably as that young lady and her friends might desire, and the consequence has been that Mdlle. Hisson waited upon M. Jouvin and called him a scoundrel. This was not much, as some allowance must be made for the feelings of an insulted actress. Forthwith, however, she said, "I do not know what prevents me from boxing your ears." Obviously the critic himself was bound to offer some reason for that self-abnegation to which she had condescended herself. "You are quite right, mademoiselle, to restrain yourself," he remarked. Whereupon Mademoiselle rushed upon him, and, after a scuffle, requested him to consider his ears as boxed. Whether M. Jouvin's earswere actually boxed does not appear, but, as his assailant was a lady, the case is much the same. The chief consideration is that this gentleman who abandoned the anonymous in their opinions should for the future think of the fate of the ladies of whom they speak. Tall and powerful young women, when they can no longer restrain themselves, may hold a powerful argument at their fingers' end; and, besides, their tongue is the more likely to prove deadly than their pretty little hands. Mdlle. Hisson observed to her critic that if he had given him money he would have written a favorable critique. Surely this was unfair. Before such an accusation, the most confident man must be dumb. M. Jouvin could hardly ask the tall and powerful young woman to restrain herself, and it is to be hoped that she obeyed his advice so far that his ears were only boxed metaphorically.—*London Daily News*.

THE *Courrier des Etats Unis* says that while England has but a little more than four hundred millions of dollars in specie in circulation, France has fourteen hundred millions in circulation.

Current Items.

DOES a cow's tail resemble a swan's breast? Yes; for they both grow down.

"THAT is unremitting attention," the student said, when his father forgot his usual allowance.

WHAT kind of a drum is that which is always best when it cannot be beaten?—A conundrum.

THE consumption of liquor in England last year amounted to 1,007,127,573 gallons, valued at $300,000,000.

ONE single county in Tennessee is answerable for the woe which will spring from four hundred thousand bushels of peanuts.

A CALIFORNIA woman blew off the head of her brother in-law, during a dispute the other morning, and then finished her breakfast in peace.

THE ex-Emperor Napoleon's income is stated by a German paper to be $25,000 a year, which will be increased to $80,000 by the proceeds of the property recently sold in Spain by the Empress.

IT is estimated that during the last five centuries more than $250,000,000 worth of land has been washed away from the eastern coast of England by the encroachment of the sea. A number of villages and towns which used to be set down on the old maps have entirely disappeared.

THE great Illinois River dam at Henry was completed October 21, and there is now fully six feet of water on Treetop Bar—that bar which for so many years has been so serious an impediment in the navigation of the Upper Illinois during seasons of low water. The dam is eight feet high. The lock, which is 75 feet wide and 325 feet long, will soon be completed. The whole work—the dam, with its extensive wings, and the lock—will cost about $500,000.

THERE is a pathetic illustration of the constancy of love, in one of our Western States, in the shape of an aged couple who have been engaged to be married thirty years, and during that time have never been out of jail together long enough to have the ceremony solemnized.

Paris Journalism.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes:

The facts about the projected Paris journal, *Le Jour*, and its editorship, I can now give on M. Louis Blanc's authority and with his permission. The paper is not yet started. It is uncertain whether it will be. A proposition to take charge of a new paper was made some time since to M. Louis Blanc. After considerable hesitation he accepted, but on certain conditions, of which the first was that $100,000 should be raised as capital, of which the whole is to be paid up in cash before the first number appears. His friends represented that in the sum named was very unusual; that successful papers had been founded with a tenth of the sum; that in the present condition of France, it was no easy matter to get together so large an amount for a radical newspaper, and so on. To all which M. Louis Blanc replied, that his plan would require as much larger outlay than suffices for existing Paris journals, not one of which is, in fact, what a newspaper ought to be. They give small space to news from outside Paris. Their dispatches are few and meagre. A great part of what they call "foreign correspondence" is written in Paris. It is not M. Louis Blanc who says that, but I know the fact. Genuine correspondence has sometimes made the fortune of a paper, as M. Louis Blanc's did for *Le Temps*, and as M. Taine is now doing ... Statesman and historian as he is, M. Louis Blanc is journalist as well, and his long residence in England has given him English notions about journalism, and some that are more American than English—for instance, that a newspaper is a business; that the first business of a newspaper is to print the news. To do it takes money —hence his determination to accept the charge of no paper that has not a sufficient capital. Such a journal will be an experiment. It remains to be seen whether the Parisians can be taught to care much for what goes on outside of their own brilliant capital.

WOOL armours, woven in diamonds or crinkled reps, are among the latest fall novelties.

NEW clothes for wraps have a diagonal twill, like serge, and are as soft as cashmere.

Dead Below the Lungs.

From the Dennison (Col.) News

What a strange experience must be that of Miss Maudlin. Now Miss Maudlin is the man who was almost fatally shot by a woman, and she his sister in law, some three or four months ago. The tragedy was enacted at a farm house in the Upper Cherry Creek country. Dr McClelland, of this city, who was called into professional attendance upon the wounded man, tells us that the ball entered the body of the fourth dorsal vertebra, severing the spinal cord entire, and causing complete loss of sensation and motion below that point, embracing at least two thirds of the body. In this condition he has remained up to date, with no noticeable change except the formation of several ulcers upon the legs and hips with no prospects of recovery. Remarkable as it may appear, he has had all the time a good appetite, and since the ball entered ... sense ... enjoyed good mental ability. His case is unprecedented as to the length of time he has survived the terrible injuries. It has seldom been recorded that similar cases survived the injuries more than thirty days. He is said to be slowly declining, although the wound caused by the ball healed weeks ago, and the lung which was perforated is apparently sound. How long he may live it is almost impossible to prognosticate.

The great strike at Newcastle-on-Tyne, which, after five months' duration, has just ended with neither side carrying its point, is computed to have caused a loss to the trades of $1,100,000 in orders, and to the shipping of $500,000, to say nothing of the enormous sums sent in the support of the workmen, of the severe injury inflicted on the small subsidiary industries, and of the departure of some of the best mechanics to other fields of labor, and this independently of the suffering among the strikers, which must have been very great. During the period of the strike the death rate in Newcastle rose from twenty five to from forty to fifty per 1,000—that is nearly doubled.

MANY persons will be glad to hear that long ribbon sashes with bows and loops are coming into fashion again, and are very much worn with ... costumes.

Inhuman Treatment of Convicts.

Wilson was not the first convict in the Connecticut State Prison to take a bloody revenge for the cruelty of his keepers. About ten years ago a young Irishman of New Haven, named Gerald Toole, was sentenced to imprisonment for life for manslaughter. He had never made a show in his life, and was put to work in the shoe shop. Not being able to perform his allotted task to the satisfaction of the overseer, he was flogged day after day with leather thongs. One evening as the overseer, Doolittle, and his assistant were stripping their victim, the Warden entered the room. Toole begged him to interfere, but the Warden told Doolittle to go on with the flogging. As the lash descended, the victim turned upon his tormentors with a small shoe knife he had concealed in his waistband, and inflicted a mortal wound on the Warden. Toole was hung, and three years after the owner of the house Toole had been charged with burning, confessed on his dying bed that he had himself committed the crime.

Reviving Prayers.

A good story comes from an Eastern college, where the students in divinity were compelled at stated seasons to write a prayer for the critical eye of the Professor. This Professor was of the crankiest nature possible, and the unfledged Beechers could never manage to blend, in one harmonious whole, adoration, supplication, thanksgiving and confession so as to suit his taste. One morning one of the students, being proficient in stenography, was moved to take down the Professor's own opening prayer verbatim, and, having written it out, he handed it in for criticism. The Professor came down on his own work like the wolf on the fold, buffeted it, entreated it shamefully, ridiculed its false rhetoric, inveighed against its poor syntax, severely censured its general incongruity, and wound up by declaring, substantially, that the author thereof couldn't pray worth a cent. Of course, the student informed him that he had been making fun his own offspring, and since that day a less *Saturday Review*-ish style of criticism has obtained in that particular college.

A VAIN PURSUIT—Mining.

A Strange Case of Kidnapping.

A strange occurrence is reported from the island of Jersey—the kidnapping of a Frenchman by a French detective officer. It appears that during the war last year the man who has been had napped engaged himself as a substitute for one who had been drawn for military service. He was paid for his substitution the sum of 3,000 francs. This money he deposited for safe-keeping in a bank at Paris, but instead of fulfilling the engagement he had made he left France, and took refuge at Jersey, where he had since been employed as laboring work. Presuming on the restoration of peace as an immunity from danger, he wrote to Paris two or three weeks ago for his money to be forward ed to him. His letter gave the long lost clue to the police of Paris, and a detective officer was sent after him. Landing at Jersey with the wife of the man who had been victimized, the detective procured a tread lift in which he was found alone, and introduced himself to the man as the owner of a small cargo in a vessel lying in St. Aubin's Bay. He said a quantity of damaged goods on board that he wished to have landed, and having been recommended to him as an industrious man who would suit him, proposed him to accept the job. After some demur, which was only got by the promise of good pay, the man agreed, and accompanied by a fellow laborer, at whose house he lodged, he proceeded with the detective. On their arrival at the town the two men hired a hotel, where brandy and cigars were supplied. After drinking for some time they entered the cab and proceeded to the pier. On the way thither the detective pretended to be ill, and stopping the cab he gave the second man a half franc, requesting him to go back to town for a powder at a druggist's. Before the man could return he had recovered, and ordered the cab to drive on. At the pier end a boat was engaged, and the two put off to the Small Roads, where was lying a French steamer. The two men were previously engaged. Getting alongside the passengers were put on board, the boatmen paid, and in a few minutes the captor and the captured were sailing with a fair wind for France.

A New Kind of Wall.

A wall, lately invented, is coming into use in England, the advantages claimed for which are the very important ones of non-absorbency of moisture, non-conduction of heat, economy of space, a washable surface, and withal cheapness. Over a framework of strong cross wires, of about one eighth of an inch thick, there is woven, by a powerful process, fibrous matter, which is saturated with a solution that renders it fireproof. It is then subjected to a very powerful pressure. A coating of fight Scott's cement is then put upon it for inside facing, and Portland cement for outside facing. By this means surfaces are made impermeable to moisture, smooth, and easily washed with water, thus saving the expense of repeated lime-washings. It is formed into slabs in iron frames, which are put together and closely and securely fastened with bolts. The slabs are from two and a half to four inches thick. They are found to serve as superior panelling for dwellings, walls and partitions. Where space is of importance, it has the advantage, perhaps, over concrete walling, in enabling a wall to be made of not more than one and a half or two inches in thickness, and yet its quality is said to greatly deaden sound.

One Way of Making a Living.

Velpeau, the French surgeon, had two hospital patients whose business for fifteen years was to be knocked down and run over in the street. When they saw a light vehicle approaching and knew the owner to be wealthy, they would run across the street in such a way as to get before the horses, to be knocked down and carried to the hospital, when they would sue for damages. When the money thus gained was spent, they would go out and get run over again. They generally managed to avoid being seriously injured in this way, yet nearly every bone in their bodies had been broken.

A LITTLE OMISSION.—Materfamilias was rather taken aback the other day at receiving a bill for a "pair of infants." The account had been made out with an excess of conciseness, the addition of one word—"gloves"—would have prevented all misapprehension.

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THE EVENING POST.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1871

SUPPLEMENT.

BOOKS AND BOOKMAKERS

—Harper & Brothers publish, in an octavo volume of 567 pages, a descriptive history of *The Earth*, by Elisee Reclus, translated from the French by the late B B Woodward, M A, and edited by Henry Woodward, of the British Museum. This volume is a library of science in itself. Fifteen years of the studious life of the author, one of the ablest of the savans of France, have been spent in distilling from travel and research the information which crowds its pages. This consists of a mass of facts which astronomy, geology, chemistry and physical geography have yielded in answer to inquiries after the origin, aspect and condition of the planet on which we live. The book is divided into four parts, the first of which considers the earth as a planet in its relation to other spheres in the celestial system, and in regard to its formation, its subsequent modifications, and its geological structure. Part II is devoted to a delineation of the land surface of the globe, its distribution and configuration. Part III, under the head of the circulation of water, describes glaciers, springs, rivers, and lakes in all their curious and varied phases. The fourth and concluding part treats the subject of subterranean forces, earthquakes, volcanoes, etc, with all their terrible and supernatural phenomena.

From this brief analysis of its contents, it will be seen that the work is not meant for light reading, but for the entertainment of serious hours. We suggest it as one well adapted for enjoyment in the family circle during the coming winter. A chapter or two read aloud each evening would give a store of important and interesting facts, supplying matter for conversation, for after-thought, and for retention in the memory. The volume is illustrated with 230 maps inserted in the text, and 23 page maps printed in colors. It is for sale by S C Griggs & Co. Price, $5.

—One of the most agreeable volumes which have been issued from the press this season is that containing the *Life and Letters of Catharine M Sedgwick*, edited by Mary E Dewey. The work might with propriety be styled an autobiography, so almost entirely has the editor left Miss Sedgwick to tell the story of her life through her letters and her journals. These are so charming in themselves, and mirror a character so singularly beautiful, amiable and excellent, that they will be read by every one with sincere gratification. There is much in the sunny, gracious, loving nature of Miss Sedgwick, as well as in the circumstances of her life and in the character of her writings, to remind one of Miss Mitford, whose memoir, arranged similarly to this, was one of the pleasant literary events of a couple of seasons ago.

Catharine Maria Sedgwick was the daughter of Judge Sedgwick, of Stockbridge, in Berkshire, Mass., and was born in December, 1791. Her family was one of the most honorable in New England, in lineage, position and culture, and this advantage, together with her own rare personal and intellectual qualities, gave her a wide acquaintance at home, and many noted and devoted friends among people she met abroad. Her recollections of some of the most distinguished women of Europe add a very interesting element to portions of her memoir. Miss Sedgwick's literary career, beginning in 1822, extended over thirty-five years, during which she published a dozen different works, embracing novels, travels, and a volume or two of brief tales. They were all deservedly popular, and one of them, "Redwood," was so highly esteemed as to be translated into several different languages of Europe. Miss Sedgwick survived a large family of brothers and sisters, and died in July, 1867, aged seventy-six. Her memoir is published by Harper & Brothers, and sold by S C Griggs & Co. Price $2 00.

—The biographical sketches, which are a specialty of *The Phrenological Journal*, include in the present number those of Judge Charles P Daly, Dr Daniel Comfort, Gen Robert A Cameron, and Frederick Euthert. They are in each instance accompanied with a portrait of the subject.

—*Harper's Magazine* begins the forty-fourth volume with a number varying in nothing from the steady, uniform excellence of the 258 which have preceded it. The opening article, presenting views of "The Eternal City," is distinguished above the other illustrated papers by the peculiar beauty of its engravings. The text is by Lyman Abbott. The artist's pencil is also employed in aid of a description, by Constance Fenimore, of the home of Cooper and scenes in the vicinity of Otsego Lake, upon another of Adelaide Ladley's papers on the "Royal Chateaux of France," and an account of "The Old Norse Colonies," by Dr Hayes. Other prominent papers in the number include a protracted one by the Rev Dr Osgood, giving the statistics of birth, livelihood and death, with the startling title, "The Arithmetic of God," a history of the first American exploring expedition, a sketch of Henry Brougham, by A B Macdonough, and an interesting chapter upon "Apian Psychology and Sociology." The poetry of the number is contributed by Mrs Spofford, Mrs Stoddard, and N O Sheppard. The Editor's Chair chats in its delightful way about Chicago, the Mount Cenis Tunnel, Reform, and the Commune.

—Some notable names are found in the list of contributors to the December *Atlantic*. Henry W Longfellow and John G Whittier are the poets of the number. "Chicago" is the theme of the latter, and his poem first recited by Mr Fields in his Boston lecture, has been widely copied by the newspapers. Our own columns contained it some days ago. In "Our Whispering Gallery," Mr Fields records delightful reminiscences of the poet Wordsworth and Miss Mitford. Bret Harte has a story called "The Princess Bob and Her Friends," and the serials "Kate Beaumont" by J W DeForest, "Watch and Ward," by H James, Jr, and "Their Wedding Journey," by W D Howells, are concluded. The remaining articles are "Light and Darkness," by John Fiske, "A Japanese Doctor and His Works," by E H H, "Shasta," by Clarence King, and "General Butler's Campaign in Massachusetts," by "Warrington." The *Atlantic* announces many promising works for the coming year. Dr Holmes will resume the "Autocrat Series" in "The Poet of the Breakfast Table," and Mr Parton will write a "Life of Jefferson." These are sufficient inducements to insure a large increase to the numbers who regularly read the *Atlantic*.

—Very readable is *Lippincott's Magazine* this month with its well-balanced proportions of fact and fiction. Fresh passages from Edward Whymper's "Scrambles Amongst the Alps" come first on the list, and attract admiring attention to their exquisite illustrations. A story entitled "The Cold Hand," by Clara F Guernsey, and a poem, "Monte Testaccio," by T Buchanan Read, follows after, and are succeeded by a paper styled "Phantom Limbs," by S Weir Mitchell, M D, which gives an interesting description of the sensations which often trick those who have suffered amputation, into a momentary delusion that the lost limb is still present and full of life and feeling. After this there is a history of "Trips to the River Plate," by Robert M Walsh, a story of "My Long-Lost Brother," by Charles Warren Stoddard, a sketch of "Balzac as Artist and Moralist," "A Stroll in Virginia," by Richard B Elder, "The Sharpless Crayons," by J W Palmer, a sonnet by Paul H Hayne, and the conclusion of a vivid romance by "Ouida." A serial story by George Macdonald will be the great attraction of the next year's *Lippincott*.

—Of all the magazines which are published, we are sure there is not one which so invariably satisfies the hearts of its readers as *The Nursery*. There is never any question of the truth of its stories, or of the beauty of its pictures. They are eagerly accepted without criticism or stricture. And this is proof positive of their merit, for, after all, there are no such quick and stern critics as the very little children for whom the *Nursery* is printed.

—The interest of the present number of the *American Naturalist* may be estimated by a glance at its table of contents. The subjects are of more than ordinary attraction. The writers are all both skilled and popular. "Symmetrical Figures in Birds' Feathers" is a taking topic treated by the expert ornithologist Grace Anna Lewis. The habits of "Bullock's Oriole" are noted by Elliott Coues, who is a surgeon in the army and a close student of nature. "The Chinese Wax Insect" is described by Prof B Silliman. "Contributions to the Natural History of the Valley of Quito" are given by Prof James Orton, who conducted the recent expedition sent out by Williams College to the Valley of the Amazons. "Notes on the Gordes of Illinois" are furnished by Prof Geo H Parker, and an extract from *Nature* gives an account of "Instruction to Science Teachers at South Kensington."

—*The Eclectic Magazine* presents a fine portrait on steel of Prof John Tyndale, a man whose face every lover of science is desirous to see. The literary contents of the number consist of the usual choice selections from foreign periodicals. Among the prominent papers we note the following: "Aerial Voyages," "A Mahometan Revival," "Some American Books—Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Miss Phelps, Hans Breitmann," "Centenarianism," and "Literary Remuneration."

—Sheldon & Co, New York, have published in neat and cheap form the novel by J W DeForest, entitled *Overland*, which appeared originally in the pages of the *Galaxy*. It is for sale by Cobb, Andrews & Co.

—*Nobody's Fortune*, a novel by Edmund Yates, is reprinted by James R Osgood & Co, and sold by Cobb, Andrews & Co.

—*Frank Leslie's Ladies' Magazine* has seventy-five full length figures in its various fashion plates. They surely illustrate as many new styles of dress as will be needed by the ladies of Chicago this winter.

—The last chapters of the story of "Jack Hazard and His Fortunes," by J T Trowbridge are given in the present number of *Our Young Folks*, but we are promised a sequel to his history, which will run through the year 1872. Another serial is also announced as among the future attractions of the magazine. It will be entitled "Crusoe Life." Miss Phelps, Mrs Diaz, and other popular writers will continue to enliven the pages of "Our Young Folks" during the ensuing year.

—Henry Kingsley has in press a story called "The Lost Child."

—Mrs Joaquin Miller is in Albany, Oregon, preparing her poems for publication.

—Dion Thomas announces the early publication of Mr Stephen Pearl Andrew's *Universology*.

—Sir Henry Bulland's "Recollections of Past Life" has been announced for speedy publication in London.

—It is said that Fanny Fern proposes to resurrect herself, and ventilate her views on certain questions now agitated in a book.

—The *Athenæum* says that Dr Macaulay's book of American travel, called "Across the Ferry," is to be dedicated to Lord Granville.

—Joaquin Miller is now traveling through the territories, not very far from the locality where poor Fred Loring met his death.

—Mrs Laura Fair, during her imprisonment for the murder of Judge Crittenden, of California, has dramatized Owen Meredith's poem, "Lucile."

—The Imperial Public Library of Russia has more than 25 000 volumes of works on that country, in different languages, which it is just cataloguing.

—The first edition of Webster's Dictionary ever published appeared as a small 12 mo in 1806 bearing the double imprint of Hartford and New Haven.

—The *Radical* magazine will be continued during the coming year. It is not yet firmly established but means have been found to sustain it for another twelvemonth.

—The latest attempt to realize the *multum in parvo* is a projected abridgment of Appleton's New American Cyclopædia into a single quarto volume, like Webster's great Dictionary.

—A general dullness is prevalent just now in the book trade—retail and wholesale. It has no especial significance and is assignable to the lull which generally comes before the Christmas trade.

—Mr Morris, the author of the "Life and Death of Jason" and of the "Earthly Paradise," will shortly publish a poem entitled "Love Is Enough." It is announced that the volume will be illustrated, which none of Mr Morris's previous poems have been.

—M Taine's "Histoire de la Litterature Anglaise," has been translated into English and Russian almost simultaneously. In the latter language it bears the very curious title of "History of the Development of Constitutional Liberty and Freedom of Thought in England, in Relation to Literature."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

—Mr Owens is still at Booth's Theatre.

—Mrs D P Bowers is playing in Memphis.

—Miss Susan Dennin is at Wood's Museum.

—Mr Edwin Forrest is acting in New Orleans.

—Mme Janauschek was last week in Milwaukee.

—Mr Thomas's orchestra was last week in Baltimore.

—Miss Matilda Heron is at De Bar's Opera House, St Louis.

—Mr W H Lingard and his troupe were last week in Charleston.

—Mr Couldock was last week at the Cleveland Academy of Music.

—Edwin Booth plays this week at Mrs Conway's Brooklyn Theatre.

—Mario was lately announced to sing at the National Opera in Madrid.

—Mr Robert Heller, the magician, lately in Australia, has departed for India.

—Charles Matthews is drawing crowded houses at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati.

—Mr F S Chanfrau is still reported at the California Theatre, in San Francisco.

—The Hanlon Brothers are on their way from Cadiz to Havana and South America.

—The best teacher of music in the world is said to be Mme Sainton Dolby of London.

—Blind Tom clears more money from his concerts than any other man or woman traveling.

—The Nilsson opera season in New York is a complete success. All the standing-room at each performance is occupied.

—Sir Julius Benedict has received from the King of the Belgians the decoration of a Knight of the Order of Leopold.

—Mr George Vandenhoff first appeared in Boston at the Tremont Theatre, in Hamlet, Nov 15 1842, and made a great hit.

—Miss Pauline Markham appeared at the Hartford Opera House this week in her new play under Ben Lowell's management.

—After her Boston engagement Miss Cushman will go to Philadelphia, and after closing there will retire permanently from the stage.

—Mlle. Morlacchi's engagement at the Boston Theatre will be made brilliant by the appearance of the famous Majiltons and a full ballet troupe.

—Mr and Mrs Dion Boucicault are playing "Arra-na-Pogue" and "Night and Morning" at the Alexandra, in Liverpool. They are coming to America.

—Madame Pauline Viardot is now Professor of Singing at the Conservatory of Music in Paris, and directs the class formerly led by Madame Cinti Damoreau.

—There are in the United States not far from 3,350 military bands, and the total capital invested in instruments, music and other properties, is estimated at $2,000,000.

—The Wallack Richings Combination have concluded their second week at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, and it is gratifying to know that the business nightly increases.

—Wachtel, the greatest living tenor, is making a concert tour, accompanied by the talented prima donna, Mlle Pauline Canissa, and the American Santley among our baritones, Bandolfi.

—Miss Kellogg's Opera Company for San Francisco has now been organized. With the exception of the prima donna herself, the contralto (Morensi), and the conductor (Nicolao), the artists are unknown to fame, at least in this part of the world.

—The announcement of the projected visit of Mlle Arabella Goddard to this country has created quite an excitement in musical circles. This lady has no living rival before the public as a pianist.

—The Titusville *Programme*, desiring that Miss Lydia Thompson may have a benefit in that place, makes the following pathetic appeal: "We cannot give you such a mark of esteem as you were favored with at Wallack's last September ($3,000 or $4,000 worth of diamonds), but we can give you barrels of oil and a crammed house. Give us Wednesday evening!"

—Just as the curtain rose and the lights were turned low upon the death scene in "Colleen Bawn," at the Nashville theatre, last Monday night, as if to make the dreary scene more dismal and sad, a bat made its appearance, and flying several times around the lonely couch of the dying man caused a deep feeling of awe and strange chilliness to fall upon the audience, who were almost breathless with the truly weird effect of the scene.

—Mr and Mrs Barney Williams have left for Nice, where they will pass the winter. Although somewhat improved, the state of Mr Williams's health was not such as to permit him to risk the cold season in Paris. During his stay in the French capital he improved his opportunity of adding to his fine collection of pictures, and will take back with him to New York some choice gems by leading French artists. Amongst the *articles de vertu* purchased by him at the recent sales at the Tuileries, are two porcelain services of Sevres manufacture belonging to the ex-Emperor, and bearing the Imperial initials. It is a fact worthy of note that some of the largest purchasers at these sales were Americans.—*Paris American*.

PITH AND POINT.

—Mrs Sophia Brant, of Pittsburg, is dead. Kerosene.

—Boarding School Miss: "Oh, Charley, I expect to graduate at next commencement!" "Graduate! What do you expect to graduate in?" "Why, in white tulle."

—Artist—"Have there been many artists down here this season to paint the fisherwomen?" Old lady—"Paint the fisherwomen! Bless yer innocence, it's their natural color!"

—The New York *World* may hereafter dare say anything. It says "Americans are said to drink more tea than other people, which is a more-tea-fying instance of our national extravagance."

—A good-natured traveler fell asleep in a train, and was carried far beyond his destination. "Pretty good joke this, isn't it?" said he to a fellow passenger. "Yes, but a little too far fetched," was the rejoinder.

—An exchange inquires if a belle in New York who is to wear a crown of gas jets at the Alexis ball, will be light-headed? Ladies are very fond of real jet, and of getting a-head of "flames."—*New Orleans Republican*.

—A public man in this country was once accused of drunkenness, and one of his friends was very indignant. Some one suggested that public persons were always lied about. "Oh, I don't care for lies," he said, "but the trouble with this story is, *they prove it!*"

—"Fiat experimentum in," etc, etc.—The rector: "Good morning, Mrs Smithers. Bow's the baby? Isn't it rather early bringing him to church? Don't you think he'll be restless?" Mrs Smithers: "O, no, sir, he'll be quiet, sir, which we took him to the Methodists' chapel last Sunday o' purpose to try him, sir."—*Punch*.

—George Brazee of Troy, N Y lately became impressed with the idea that his wife was untrue to him, and, to show how he reprobated such conduct, he sheared all the hair from her head while she slept, and supplied its place with a chignon of tar and feathers. She'll probably stick to him after that if he will let her.

—A little Waterbury shaver was sitting near his mother who was pitting over raisins, when she was called out of the room, and, as she left, said, "Now, sonny, don't touch any of these raisins when I am gone." Presently mother returned and inquired, "Well, Charlie did you take any raisins?" "No, mamma." "You know if you did God saw you." "Yes, I know he did, but he won't tell."

—A member of the South Carolina Legislature, an old bachelor by the name of Evans, got off the following *jeu d'esprit*. He was introduced to a beautiful young widow, also named Evans. The introduction was in this wise: "Mr Evans, Mrs Evans!" Exclaimed the spirited bachelor, "The very lady I have been in search for the last forty years!"

—This is said to be an Ohio epitaph:

Under this sod
And under these trees,
Lieth the bod-
Y of Solomon Pease
He' not in this hole,
But only his pod,
He shelled out his soul
And went up to God

—The "full dress" of society dames nowadays is bad enough, but it was a great deal worse in the Byronic age. The story is told that the poet Moore once called at the house of some super-fashionable friends who had just installed an untrained rustic as coachman. The latter answered the poet's knock, and, nonplussed at the interrogation whether the ladies were at home, when the question was repeated, finally stepped forward and confidentially replied in a suppressed tone: "They told me to say they were out, but they're *in*. They're gone up stairs to *strip* for dinner!"

The November Meteors

The annual fall of November meteors is to be looked for about this time between the 10th and 14th of the present month. There is no reason to anticipate any special display, but if the clear atmosphere which has made the skies beautiful to behold for a few nights past continues to give us equally favorable conditions, we shall probably see a goodly show of these shining visitants from another sphere. Perhaps no subject of astronomical research is invested with greater interest at the present time than that which relates to comets and meteors. A few facts seem to be clearly established in the history of the November meteors. They have a period of thirty-three years, revolving in an exceedingly eccentric orbit, coming, when nearest the sun, within that of the earth, and extending far out in space beyond the planet Uranus, when at the greatest distance from the sun. This great hoop or zone, is filled with tiny bodies called meteors. It varies in depth and compactness in its course the stream sometimes measuring the depth indicated by hundreds of thousands of miles and at others dwindling to dimensions indicated by tens of thousands. The earth crosses this stream in November of each year, and we have a display of shooting stars depending upon its extent and compactness. Once in thirty-three years, the earth passes through the richest portion of the stream, and we have a grand show. The last period occurred in 1866, and the next will occur in 1899. Astronomers have recently discovered that a telescope comet is associated with the meteors moving in the same orbit and corresponding in every particular with the ascertained facts in their history. This comet was introduced into the neighborhood of the sun more than a thousand years ago by the attraction of the planet Uranus; ever since, meteors and comets have continued to revolve in their new orbit, and will continue to revolve till some more powerful attraction bends their course in a new direction. The velocity with which these meteors move has been computed and it is found that they penetrate the upper regions of the atmosphere with the inconceivable speed of forty miles a second. The depth of the stream can also be measured at any part the earth may cross. In 1867 it was 50 000 miles, in 1868 it was not less than 500 000 miles. The meteors appear, as we look at them, to radiate from a point in the constellation Leo which is therefore called the "radiant point," and meteors are named for this reason Leonides. Thus far we are dealing with facts in the history of meteors but for the more recent theory of their identity with comets, shining by concussion, and reflected by sunshine we must wait for more light before we look upon the subject as anything but an ingenious hypothesis. It will be remembered that there was an unusual exhibition of August meteors. Not many were observed on American soil, but French observation, which was systematic and thorough, gives the recorded paths of hundreds and thousands seen at different stations, and an aggregate of 10,000. The best time for observation is about 3 o'clock in the morning, for the constellation Leo is then in the east, and in a good position for sight-seeing.

What Rats Will Do.

Farmers who have large amounts of corn do not realize what quantities rats will take away to their nests and storing places. Thousands of bushels are annually consumed by the pests, and as it is the small drainages usually which take off the profit of farming, the matter of securely storing corn should be attended to.

An exchange gives an account of the work of rats in a hardware store, from which something of an estimate can be made. Forty five pounds of choice pop-corn was left in a box on the floor near the centre of the store. Next morning the box was nearly empty, and upon examination it was found that during the night the rats conveyed off thirty-one and two-thirds pounds of the corn, and concealed it in three different parts of the building. About ten pounds were taken through a small hole in the door between the store and the warehouse, some of which was concealed under the stairs in that part of the building, while four pounds were carried up the stairs—composed of twelve steps—and hid away in a pile of paper rags lying on the floor of the second story of the warehouse. The rats evidently worked faithfully all night and no doubt chuckled hugely next day over the princely supply of corn laid away for the winter's use.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

The Career of a Great Artist.

Boston Correspondence of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The history of American art is scarcely older than Charlotte Cushman, and she is not an old woman. She was born of the best Puritan stock, at Boston, in 1815. While yet a child, her father died, leaving a widow with five children and no means of support. Charlotte was the eldest, and commenced her struggle with the world by singing at a concert given at the hall No 1 Franklin Avenue, March 25 1830. Mr Farmer presided at the piano-forte.

The child showed the talent that was in her, and attracted the attention of a liberal gentleman, and was put under the instruction of Padden, a noted teacher of the day. She studied hard and like all New England girls, exercised her voice in church choirs. The Boston of that day was a cold sea for genius. The theatre was frowned upon by the irreverend. There was little knowledge of music and a narrow and contracted view of things in general. Charlotte had a poor opportunity to hear others or make herself known. When the English singers, Mr and Mrs Woods, came to Boston, she sang at one of their concerts. The Woods were great and successful singers. They encouraged the girl to become a sort of musical apprentice to the composer Maeder, he who married the beautiful Clara Fisher, and blighted her career. In April, 1835, Charlotte made her first appearance on the stage as the Countess in the "Marriage of Figaro." It was a success. Maeder was a worthless fellow and a hard master. He gave Charlotte very little but work, hired her out to others, and finally, in New Orleans, forcing her to sing soprano, her voice became unavailable, and she has not been able to sing since.

This was the tide in her affairs that led on to fortune. Under the judicious advice of Barton, she began to study for the dramatic stage, and soon appeared for his benefit as Lady Macbeth, in a dress borrowed from a lady of the French opera troupe. New Orleans always was a theatrical city, and in those days had the most critical and exacting audience in America, it differed from the Boston public of the present time in that it knew a good thing at sight, could not be captured by pretense and charlatanism, was not managed by society cliques, and did not make up its mind from second-hand opinions. This critical audience, alive to true merit, saw the genius of the poor debutante, and she made a genuine success. But it was the close of the season, and full of hope the brave girl went Northward applied for a position at the "Park." She was coldly refused, and being compelled to work, joined Hamblin's company at the Bowery. Here she had a long illness and, just as she was recovering, the theatre was burned, and in it her scanty wardrobe.

Undismayed, she went to the National, under the management of Hacket. Old Wallack was a member of this company, and she not only played all the "first ladies" business with him, but also masculine parts, such as Count Belino, Patrick in the Poor Soldier, Romeo etc. Here she first performed Meg Merrilies, a personation since then world-renowned. This was in April 1837. The fall of that year she was engaged as leading stock actress at the Park. Here she succeeded but slowly. Constant work and indomitable energy carried her on, and she supported Edwin Forrest then in the flush of his youthful fame, in some brilliant engagements. She afterward moved to Philadelphia, and when Macready visited America, in 1844, she was engaged to accompany him to the principal cities. Charlotte now gained great applause, and was the acknowledged leading lady of the stage. She began to enjoy fame, and had a new sensation in money to spend.

Her ambition kindled with each success, and she went to England. Here it was slow work again, but Charlotte had courage and patience. At length she got an engagement appearing at the Princess's, February 13, 1845, as Bianca, in Dean Milman's tragedy of Fazio. It was a tremendous success. She played 84 nights. Her career was now assured. The genius that flamed in the soul of the tall, angular Boston girl, had forced the world to her feet. She landed in England unknown, alone and friendless, with difficulty obtaining a hearing, but she became the equal associate of great artists, of poets and scholars. After a brilliant succession of engagements, she returned to this country with an European fame. In those days London made artistic reputations, and sent actors to America, now it is the other way. Her London fame was the only stamp her own countrymen required, that given, they were quick to applaud. From 1850 to 1860 she played great engagements in the principal American theatres, then took a farewell of the stage, and, rich and honored, retired to Italy.

Charlotte was always a thoroughly conscientious artist. What she attempted was done with all her might. Unlike Rosalind, she had doublet and hose in her composition, and, with this nature, she had a masculine appearance that unfitted her for a wide range of the most attractive characters of the drama, but in feminine characters roused by deep passion or filled with determination, such as Lady Macbeth, Queen Katharine, Meg Merrilies, Nancy Sykes, Alicia, etc, she has had no equal in our day. In some male parts she was very agreeable. I have seen her play Romeo delightfully—no man ever played it so well. Years have passed since, but I can hear her now, tears in her broken voice:

Oh, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.

In her impassioned elocution verse ceased to be mere airy thought, and sculpture lived in her every action. I have seen her play Hamlet and Cardinal Woolsey, and thought her out of place, not that she failed in them, but the rendering was not equal to her other personations. She was popular in comedy, frequently playing Constance, Beatrice, Rosalind, Lady Teazle, and Lady Gay. I saw her in the last character supported by Harry Placide, Blake, and John Brougham. But to my taste her comedy was not successful. It was not good enough for Charlotte Cushman. She "came tardy off" in comedy, just as Rachel did. Her grave, earnest, self-reliant nature was fitted for more serious work.

I will close this long letter with an extract from *Tallis's London Dramatic Magazine*, 1848: "In kindling and uniting the heart of a whole audience, in transmitting a stream of fire through a thousand brains at once, Miss Cushman has no superior, if she has not the thoughtfulness of Fanny Kemble, nor the touching delicacy of Helen Faucit, she is possessed of elements of grandeur which neither can lay claim to. She displays a quality, a variety and an amount of emotion that we believe were never exceeded. She quite all English rivalry and challenges even Rachel."

Family of Murat, King of Naples.

From the New York Herald.

Two sons of Joachim Murat, ex-King of Naples, came to the United States about fifty years ago, and settled in Florida. The history of this dashing cavalryman and his family is of much interest. He accompanied Napoleon to Egypt. Here he found an appropriate field as a daring if not reckless soldier. On his return from Africa, he, at the head of his grenadiers, expelled the Council of Five Hundred from their hall at St Cloud. For this deed, the chief command of the consular guard and the hand of Caroline Bonaparte, the first Consul's sister, were his recompense. In August, 1808, he was proclaimed King of the Two Sicilies, after the elevation of Joseph Bonaparte to the throne of Spain. He quarrelled with the Emperor in reference to the manner of governing his realm, but, as in all similar cases, he had to succumb to the great ruler. In his efforts to retain his kingdom he fought against France, but on the news of the escape of Napoleon from Elba he marched against the Austrians, was beaten, and had to fly his kingdom. Three months after the battle of Waterloo, and when the fate of Europe was for the time settled, Murat, trusting in the loyalty and affection of the Neapolitans, essayed a similar attempt to that made by the Emperor from Elba. At the head of 250 men and with seven small vessels he set sail September 28, 1815, for Naples. He was captured, tried and shot on the same day. On being offered a chair and handkerchief in the room where he was to die, he replied, "I have braved death long and often enough to face it with my eyes open and standing." He left four children—two daughters and the two sons above mentioned.

NAPOLEON MURAT'S MARRIAGE TO A NIECE OF WASHINGTON

The eldest son, Napoleon Murat, born in 1801, married a grand niece of George Washington. He devoted himself to scientific pursuits and wrote some essays on the institutions of the United States. He died in April, 1847, on his estate, near Tallahassee. His widow continued to reside in Florida, enjoying the profound respect of both rich and poor. To the latter she proved herself a most generous friend, and to whom she was known as Madame Murat. Her relationship to the great Washington, combined with her character for benevolence, and being a niece to the Emperor, gave her a social distinction in the Gulf States everywhere acknowledged. The younger son, Napoleon Lucien Charles, born in 1803, came to the United States when he was twenty-two years old and married a lady who made her living by teaching. The events of 1848 brought him back to France, where he was welcomed by his father's old friends and received the title of Prince of the Imperial Family. He played an important part in politics during the past twenty years.

THE BONAPARTE MARRIAGES

The Murat branch of the family, as will be seen, remained in part in the United States. The marriage of the younger son in Florida excited no comment, and the offspring were fully recognized as members of the Emperor's family. The opposition to the marriage of Jerome seems somewhat strange when it is remembered that Lucien, Prince of Canino, was united to an innkeeper's daughter, and that Louis, King of Holland, and Hortense led a miserable life. The marriages of nearly all Napoleon's family were unfortunate. The Princess Mathilde separated from her husband, the Russian Prince Demidoff, on the alleged ground of cruel treatment. Letitia Bonaparte also separated from her husband, Sir Thomas Wise an Irish member of Parliament, and the first Napoleon himself put away Josephine. The young Jerome was known to be ardently attached to his American wife, but the dynastic views of his brother were not fully developed until after his (Jerome's) return to Europe. He had no capacity to resist the orders of the Emperor, who was then (1807) in the zenith of his power.

WEDDINGS IN NEW YORK.

A Queer Bride—Love and Romance.

The New York lady correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* furnishes the following readable account of two recent weddings in Gotham:

A QUEER BRIDE

Among the catastrophes of the month may be mentioned the marriages. Awnings are up and carpets are down in front of our churches, and weddings are in fashion as well as deaths. Last week at the Little Church Around the Corner, the Church of the Transfiguration, the only daughter of Lester Wallack was duly made Mrs Arthur Sewell. Not without difficulty, however, the bride is quite young, considered pretty and all the world (in New York) knows she has peculiarities peculiarly her own.

During the solemnities of a bridal ceremony it was supposed the would forego the ways and manners that have made her conspicuous in her father's theatre and in public generally. Unfounded supposition! The church was well filled. The bridal cortege arrived, passed up the long, covered passage to the vestibule, halted, and no peal of organ fell upon Florence's ear. "What," screamed the bride, with a church full of people in front and a crowd of guests pressing in behind. "No music? I won't be married without music!" Several ladies here filled the open door behind the bridal party. The ushers were sent flying after an organist. The bride in streaming white silk, flowing veil and orange wreath turned upon the crowd motioning them back. She cried, "You can't come in here now, till I pass into the church. Keep the door, somebody." Her father tried in vain to calm her. Her proposed husband ventured a word, but she shut him up summarily. No organist was found, the invited guests outside the chapel door were clamorous, and the disappointed damsel reluctantly went up the aisle and was married. As the benediction was pronounced she commenced an animated argument with the happy Sewell! As she passed out of the church, half way down the aisle she spied Tom Baker, the leader of the orchestra at Wallack's, and sung out: "Here, what's the reason I had no music?" Unabashed, the gallant Baker replied: "Why didn't you let me know? I'd a had the whole orchestra here." I've seen blushing brides, tearful brides, agitated brides, but if Miss Wallack had been getting married every day for five years, she couldn't have been a more self-possessed and easy-acting bride than she proved herself.

PROMINENT AMONG THE GUESTS

of her wedding was Mrs Wm J Florence. I did think I had seen yellow hair before, but her coiffure on this occasion beggared any British blonde that ever reached these benighted shores. She wore a superb black silk and a pale blue bonnet and white veil, the golden lock streaming down her back. The bridesmaids were prettily dressed, in thin, airy costumes of white.

LOVE AND ROMANCE

A wedding took place in Thirtieth street during the week that had a larger share of romance connected with it than the rest of 'em. The gentleman ten years ago was engaged to the lady, then a maiden of eighteen. He being forty, the parents opposed the match on account of the disparity in age. He left for Europe, and during his absence the young lady was wooed and won by a younger man. The young husband died last fall, leaving his widow still young and handsome, the mother of four children, and now the first suitor, fifty years old, is considered an excellent match for the widow of twenty-eight. The lady wore a high-necked coat-sleeved dress of mauve satin, with a tremendous train trimmed with folds of alternate satin and velvet the same shade, fully half way up the skirt. The overskirt was very full and made entirely of velvet edged with deep, rich chenille fringe. A splendid set of coral and diamond ornaments adorned her throat and ears, and her hair, dressed very plainly, was decorated with leaves of carved coral and flowers thickly set with diamonds that formed a coronet. As the lady is a beautiful brunette, the dress was charmingly becoming, but the beauty of that bridal train as it entered the elegant saloon of the bride's mother, came after the handsome woman and noble gray-haired bridegroom, for their sole attendants were the four children of the bride, dressed in white, the muslin only serving to sew the lace upon that composed their dresses, with immense sashes of white satin, their crimped golden hair flowing loose. Nothing could be more lovely than the three of 'em nine, seven and six years of age, but behind the three came a tottling wee thing of three, whose jet black eyes danced with delight as she passed down the room—her bits of hands in white kid gloves, and her lace dress worn over a pink slip.

As I looked at these children, I thought the bridegroom hadn't lost anything by waiting his ten years and getting four such beautiful daughters.

RELIC OF FALLEN GREATNESS

Among the very elegant presents received by this lady is a cloak of the richest sealskin, quite long, and bordered with the long-haired silver fox, a boa of the silvered fox, and a muff of seal-skin bordered like the cloak completes the set. The lining is quilted in tiny rings and made of claret-colored satin, surrounded by a strip of gray satin, which is in keeping with the outside. The fastenings are solid silver with a bit of seal-skin set in the centre, and silver chains as loops. The glory of this garment lies in the fact that it was made according to the Empress Eugenie's orders, and was worn by her several times. With other portions of her wardrobe, it fell into the hands of the auctioneer, and was sold in Paris a few months ago. To enhance its value, a glove with Eugenie's crest upon the wrist was left in the inside pocket. Very touching, but then the French understand these little details so well, I wouldn't be surprised if a glove, or a handkerchief, or perhaps a tear was added by enterprising speculators to every garment. Any way, the cloak is handsome, and though I'm not partial to second-hand clothes, I should wear that cloak with very little compunction.

THIS AND THAT.

There are seven hundred and fifty-three lawyers in Boston.

A South Carolina paper disrespectfully calls its paragraph of North Carolina news "tar drops."

Thirty-seven persons rode at one time in a car drawn by one horse, to attend a concert in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Salem last week.

M Lefevre, a French gentleman who, in England, races horses under the assumed name of "Mr T Lombard," has come into a fortune of over $2,500,000, left him by a cousin whom he never saw.

Bishop F D Huntington has assumed the editorial control of the *Gospel Messenger*, the organ of the Episcopal Church of his diocese, and will hereafter issue it from Syracuse, any profits accruing from it to be appropriated to missionary and charitable objects.

The Czar of all the Russias sees beyond his nose. In the extensive system of railways he is now building he uses a gauge different from that of any adjoining country. He doesn't mean to have Prussia running up to the walls of St Petersburg on her own locomotives, as she did to those of Paris.

A chimney-sweep named Edward Jones has just died in London, who, thirty years ago was known all over the kingdom on account of his infatuation for Queen Victoria, then young and attractive. He climbed down the chimney of St James palace a number of times, but always escaped when chased except on one occasion, when he was caught in the act of entering the Queen's apartments, and put in prison. As soon as his time was up he tried repeatedly again to see the Queen, and the police took the matter in hand. He was arrested and sent to Australia. He lived for many years at Sidney, but was allowed to return to England about five years ago, always desperately enamored of the Queen. His remaining years were spent in miserable poverty. Not long since a rumor was one day started in London that Queen Victoria was dead. He heard it just as he was retiring to rest, uttered a groan, and died instantly.

AGRICULTURAL.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Asparagus Beds.

It should be remembered by those having asparagus beds that before winter sets in these beds should be cleaned up and a good covering of manure spread over them. If you have doubts which is the best time to do it, spring or fall, try it for yourselves. Fall is the best time no doubt. If you wish to make a new bed prepare the ground this fall and set your plants in the spring. For our latitude this is the best way. Asparagus is a gross feeder and good manure and plenty of it are indispensable if you want a good article. Do not depend on salt. It is well enough to use salt every year, but it is of the most value to kill the weeds which are often allowed to grow in the asparagus bed. A garden is incomplete without a good bed of this vegetable.

Cost of Raising Calves.

There are many operations on the farm that are unprofitable in themselves directly, but as we cannot avoid them, we must credit them with a share of the profit they indirectly produce. Take, for example, raising calves. We must raise them, and yet no farmer expects to realize the cost of a yearling if sold as such, but when the yearling becomes a cow, the profit comes in. Nor is it necessary to feed ten quarts of new milk to a calf daily for 100 days, at a cost of $50. A farmer who does so (if there are any such) is simply no farmer. He may be an amateur or a fancy stockman, who counts no cost. We never fed a calf new milk for longer than a week, after which skimmed milk, warmed at first, with a little linseed meal, was successfully substituted.—*Hearth and Home*.

Varied Diet for Poultry.

H M H, Middletown, Ct.—Corn is the cheapest and best food for fowls, if we are to name one article. They like it better than any other grain, and it probably must always be the main dependence in this country in keeping poultry. But there must be variety. Hens are as omnivorous, perhaps, as any animal in the world, man excepted. They even exceed swine in this respect. We all know how distasteful a uniform diet is to ourselves. The appetite, both in men and brutes, is determined by the varying state of the system, and a kind of food that is craved at one time will be rejected at another. Wheat, buckwheat, and oats must have a place on the diet-list. The latter are best ground. Wheat-bran is excellent. Hens soon tire of cooked grain, but it should be fed part of the time. Every day in the year, when fowls do not have access to grass, fresh vegetable food should be allowed, and a small quantity of meat if there is not insect forage. Corn should preponderate for growing chickens, because the cheapest and for fattening fowls, but for layers wheat should occupy a prominent place.

Removing Large Trees.

When it is desirable to move a large tree, the depth of winter, when the ground is frozen, should be chosen for the operation. Not only deciduous trees, but any kind of evergreens even hemlocks, the most difficult to remove, may be safely transplanted at this season. It is obvious that the time to prepare for such work is before the ground becomes frozen. A trench should be dug around the tree sufficiently distant from the trunk to leave untouched a large mass of the roots, and sufficiently deep that they may be undermined without being disturbed. It should then be partly filled up with leaves or coarse litter, which will preserve the bottom from freezing. In February or March, when the frost is most severe, the litter may be taken out, the tree completely undermined, and the frozen mass of earth around the roots pried out of the hole and placed on a stone-boat. It may now be conveyed to its new home, which should have been prepared and protected from the frost. Sufficient earth from the surface, or from some rich spot, should have been placed in the bottom of the hole, the tree planted on this, and the hole filled with similar soil. When the spring arrives, the tree will settle into its place without further care, except perhaps a little filling up, and will be improved rather than injured.

Agricultural Items.

—Oregon has exported to Europe this year about $500 000 worth of wheat.

—The glanders has broken out quite extensively among the Boston horses, and physicians pronounce the contagion worse than that of the small-pox.

—The picking is now completed in England, and the yield is even below the low estimates previously made. Sales of new are being made at from $50 to $60, gold, per 112 pounds. In the United States, the crop is less than half an average, and choice hops very scarce. Price of first quality, 50 to 60 cents per pound.

—The Chinese keep grapes perfectly fresh and sound for a long time by the following plan. They cut a circular hole in a ripe pumpkin, large enough to admit the hand. The contents are then taken out, and the hollow is filled with bunches of ripe grapes. The piece which was cut out is replaced, and the pumpkin is kept in some cool dry place.

—It has been proved by experiment that the more rapidly an animal is fattened the less quantity of food is necessary to sustain its mere vitality. Thus, an animal can be more cheaply fattened by consuming ten bushels of corn in two months than if four months were occupied in the process. Liberal and abundant feeding is the most economical, and a saving of time in producing the same result is a gain in the profit.

—A Minnesota paper chronicles a yield of oats on the farm of Charles Graham, of Forest township, of 333 bushels on three acres, also, that Michael H Knopf, of Holton, Goodhue county, raised peachblow potatoes which averaged a peck to a hill, and, while some of the potatoes weighed two pounds, none were less than a pound in weight. They yielded at the rate of 480 bushels to the acre. Mr Knopf planted but one eye to the hill, and selected the largest eyes.

—One of the largest planters of the South is Col G B Lockett of Georgia. He has planted this year 5,000 acres of cotton, and 3,000 acres of corn and small grains. At the lowest estimate his cotton crop will sell for $180,000. Col Lockett employs 360 hands, all black, and has no trouble with his help, who are orderly and tolerably industrious. Throwing out the value of the increase of slaves, he thinks that cotton can now be raised more cheaply than before the war.

—Ears of corn that have been selected for seed should be hung in a dry, cool place. Taken promiscuously from the crib in the spring, it is more than likely that the majority of the grains will have become injured and unfit for seed, and then the white grubs, cut-worms, and crows will be accused of destroying the young shoots, which really never existed. There is no better place to hang up the seed-ears than in the top of the crib, where rats or mice can not reach them, and where a constant current of air is passing. If we would improve our corn, we must select the seed as well as give it good cultivation.

—Statistics teach us that farmers live longer lives than any other class who perform labor of a mechanical kind, and that they are excelled in longevity only by those who work with the brain occasionally, as preachers, orators, and public speakers. And the probability is that considering the healthfulness of their employment, and the general freedom from annoying cares and anxieties which they enjoy, their lives might become relatively the most enduring, did they exercise more care in choosing their diet and in preserving themselves from sudden chills during the most trying season of their labor, that of harvest. It is then that most farmers contract diseases which are sooner or later fatal to them.

Domestic Recipes.

Apple Cobbler Without Crust.—Two pounds of pared, cored, and sliced apples. Put them into a pan that can be covered, add one pound of white sugar, juice of three lemons, grated rind of half a lemon, cook two hours, put into a mould, and eat with cream. Delicious.

Tapioca Pudding (delicious).—A quarter of a pound of tapioca, soak overnight in the morning pour off, and put in one and a quarter quarts of boiling water, sweeten and flavor to taste. Take six or eight apples, tart ones, pare, core, and stand them in a baking dish, fill the middle with sugar and a little cinnamon pour the tapioca over, and bake until the apples are done. Eat cold with cream. If preferred, the apples can be pared, cored, and cut small, put into the dish, and pour over the tapioca, baking until done. If you want to make it in a hurry, instead of soaking overnight, pour boiling water on in the morning, and stir until it looks like thin starch.

Warm Water for Plants.—Mr R G Williams, of Vermont State Normal School, writes upon this subject as follows:

Last winter we had about one hundred plants in the house, and usually gave them warm water, and very frequently water that was much too warm for the hand. Some water at or very near the boiling point has been poured into the saucers of the pots and just on the sides. We have about forty persons in the family, from different parts of the country, and their testimony is that they never saw so fine geraniums, heliotropes, fuchsias, verbenas, passion flowers, oleanders. These plants show very marked improvement, others have flourished well under the treatment.

Laundry Polish.—Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put it into a pitcher, and pour on a pint of water and then having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of this gum water, added to a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness after they are washed. It is excellent as a polish for shirt bosoms and other starched linen.

Omelets.—Few articles of food are so readily attainable, so attractive in appearance, and so quickly cooked, as omelets. A good and economical omelet is made with four eggs, well beaten, and added to one cup of milk, into which has been stirred one tablespoonful of pounded cracker and one small teaspoon of flour. Stir the mixture well together just before pouring it on the well buttered griddle, which should not be too hot, lest the omelet should have a flavor of scorched batter. Turn it, as soon as it begins to "set" around the edge, with a wide-bladed knife, fold it over once, and then again, and at once lift the griddle, and turn the omelet upon a warm plate.

Goethe's First Love.

From the Revolution.

Gretchen, the maiden who first awoke the passion of love in Goethe's bosom, was far beneath him in station. She belonged to the humble people, and was a sort of dependent in the family of some relations. The study of life in all aspects early led the great German to mingle with every social grade, and once while supping with some rather common youths, the vision of this pure young girl met his eyes. So vivid was the impression long years afterward, he remembered and described the trifling peculiarities of her dress on that occasion with loving minuteness.

"The little cap," he says, "sat so neatly upon her little head which a slender throat united very gracefully to her neck and shoulders. Everything about her seemed choice, and one could survey her whole form the more at ease as one's attention was no more exclusively attracted and fettered by the quiet, honest eyes and lovely mouth. The form of that girl followed me from that moment on every path. It was the first durable impression which a female being had made upon me, and as I could find no pretext to see her at home and would not seek one, I went to church for love of her, and had soon traced out where she sat. Thus, during the long Protestant service, I gazed my fill at her. When the congregation left the church I did not venture to accost her, much less to accompany her, and was perfectly delighted if she seemed to have remarked me and to have returned my greeting with a nod."

It was not long before he found an opportunity of approaching his lady of delight, and the whole story as told by his own pen is naive, simple, and sweet. A hoax, such as clownish young people delight in playing upon each other, was passed upon an ardent swain whose inamorata was cold and unresponsive. Goethe's gift at versemaking had been discovered, and he was employed to indite some epistles. Once in the house where Gretchen lived, he was engaged in carrying out this prank when she rose from her spinning at the window, and stepping toward him, gave him a "severe lecture with a great deal of good sense and kindliness." She denounced the jest and pointed out the mischief to which it might lead. The scene is very pretty as described by the great man himself.

"She had drawn my sketch of the poetic epistle toward her, and read it half aloud in a sweet and graceful manner. 'That is very pretty,' said she, stopping at a sort of naive point, 'but it is a pity that it is not destined for a real purpose.' 'That were, indeed, very desirable,' I cried, 'and, oh! how happy must he be who receives from a girl he infinitely loves such an assurance of her affection.' 'There is much required for that,' she answered, 'and yet many things are possible.' 'For example,' I continued, 'if any one even knew, prized, honored, and adored you, laid such a paper before you, what would you do?' I pushed the paper nearer to her, which she had previously pushed back to me. She smiled, reflected for a moment, took the pen, and subscribed her name. I was beside myself with rapture, sprang up and would have embraced her. 'No kissing,' said she, 'that is vulgar, but let us love if we can.' I had taken up the paper and thrust it into my pocket. 'No one shall ever get it,' said I, 'the affair is closed. You have saved me.' 'Now complete the salvation,' she exclaimed, 'and hurry off, before the others arrive and you fall into embarrassment.' I could not tear myself from her, but she asked me in so kindly a manner, while she took my hand in both of hers and lovingly pressed it. The tears stood in my eyes. I thought hers looked moist. I pressed my face upon her hands and hastened away."

Afterwards there were halcyon days for Goethe and Gretchen, but the youth's association with comrades far beneath him ultimately brought him to grief. Gretchen went far away to her home in the country, and he never saw her again. The sting which this separation and estrangement occasioned Goethe was severe, but Gretchen appears not to have suffered much. Being two years his senior, she regarded him with approbation rather than love. She patronized him as sensible girls do their boy lovers, but this pure and hallowed episode of youthful feeling always exercised a strong influence over the imagination of the great poet.

The Tichborne Trial.

Moncure D. Conway in the Cincinnati Commercial.

We are again enjoying our old sensation, the Tichborne trial. The crowd is just as great and eager as ever. Sir Roger is just as large as ever, perhaps a little larger. He looks much happier, sitting at freedom in the court-room, than during the twenty-three days in which he sat in the witness-box upon which the very cross-examiner, Mr Coleridge, could place under him. The Judge and the lawyers seem to lay themselves out for the interminable. One of the witnesses wished to get back a diary which he had kept of his voyagings with Sir Roger. He was told he could not have it. Mr Ballantyne told him as he left the stand that perhaps if he came back at the end of the year he might get it. The Judge said, "I am very glad to hear you say that." "Oh," replied Ballantyne, "I meant at the end of next year." Laughter responded to this, and the Judge sighed. There has been an amount of joking quite unusual in an English court of justice. Sergeant Ballantyne exclaims that Bogle is in the room "with a sky-blue neck-cloth." [Roars of laughter.] A witness remarks that when Tichborne arrived at Santiago some Americans were about to celebrate the Fourth of July, and it made a sensation that a sprig of English nobility had come just in time. "We all knew that such a thing is very attractive to the Americans," suggests the Attorney General. [Roars of laughter.] A witness remarks that there was in a company Bogle, and a boy who must have been Bogle's son, for he was dark complexioned. "But it does not follow," remarks Mr Hawkins, "that every dark complexioned boy is Bogle's son." [Roars of laughter.] Thus the lawyers are making their trial as merry as possible. Occasionally they get up a little quarrel. The folly of the long postponement of the trial was curiously exemplified on Wednesday. Some photographs of Sir Roger taken in South America were alleged to have been taken during the same visit to the photographer. The Judge remarked that he perceived marks on the shirt in one of the pictures which were not in another. There was a great deal of wonderment over this, which seemed to be a new discovery. Whereupon a juryman called attention to the fact that this whole difference in shirts had been fully discussed at a previous stage of the examination, and pointed to the page of the printed evidence on which it would be found. The Judge and lawyers had thus entirely forgotten one of the most important parts of the examination which took place in what has now become the remote past. Opinions are still much divided about the case. The witnesses thus far brought forward by the claimant are somewhat disappointing, from the fact that the Australian papers have contained of late so many hints of the important witnesses who were being forwarded from there in the claimant's favor. It may be that we shall hear from those witnesses yet, and there is indeed a rumor among the lawyers that the case will soon have to be adjourned for a month in order to prepare for them. On the whole, the chances are, I think, in the claimant's favor, chiefly on account of his having supplied that word "postillion" in a letter acknowledged to have been written by the real Sir Roger, when the Solicitor General could not make it out while reading the letter in court. That incident has certainly made a profound impression on the public and the jury, the claimant has been treated with much more courtesy in court since it occurred, and it now looks as if the defense intend to try and show that there has been some collusion, and that the claimant was posted up in the incidents of the journey in question by Moore, who was the fellow-traveler and servant of the real Sir Roger, in South America, and who has had many interviews with the present claimant, of whom he is a strong adherent. The thing that tells most against the writ of the claimant is that so many of them can be shown to have a pecuniary interest in his success. Sharp investors, who have advanced him the means of prosecuting his claim, at heavy interest, secured by mortgages on the Tichborne estate, servants who wish to be taken into his employ, and others, are believed by many to be in a kind of conspiracy to carry the man into possession, right or wrong.

SUNDAY READING.

Chastened.

My soul was stricken on a summer day
With sudden sickness in her bloom and pride,
And through the length of all that year she lay,
Feeble, sore smitten, trusting to have died
She rose not up to see the reapers pass
To lay their sickles in the yellow wheat,
Nor did she move when winter trod the grass
And flowers to nothingness with icy feet
But when the spring time ruled the land again,
Mysterious yearnings in my spirit woke,
New energies endowed her heart and brain,
And she essayed to break her sorrow's yoke,
And said to it, "Thy rule is my disgrace,
I have been blind, nor will I see thy face."

Then rose the grief that long had ruled my soul,
And these two struggled for the mastery,
But God had made my spirit's vision whole,
While grief was veiled and might not plainly see

Then sprang my spirit, conquering, free,
To draw the veil from off the dreaded face
And lo! the face was marvelous to see,
Divine—an angel's, full of awful grace
"God sent me," said the angel, "unto thee,
A chastening rod for loving kindness' sake,
And if thou choose to hold me, I will be
A staff for leaning when all others break"
"I take thee," said my soul. "Of no true worth
Is life without thee. Walk with me henceforth."

Religious Items.

—There are now 15,000 Dakota Indians under missionary influence.

—Bishop Whipple, of the diocese of Minnesota, proposes a visit to Cuba in December.

—Archdeacon Dennison has come out in favor of the separation of church and state in England.

—The English papers announce the ordination of lady preachers in this country by sarcastic and bewildering headings.

—The *Christian Union* doubts the efficacy of the tract-distribution system, on the ground that it is neither practically wise nor economical.

—The Catholic population of America is estimated at 5,500 000, with 4,800 priests, worshiping in 4 250 churches and 1,700 chapels and stations.

—The Irvingites, followers of the great London preacher, have a flourishing church in New York, and are particularly flashy and noisy in their worship.

—The Lutheran denomination in this country numbers now about five hundred thousand communicants, under the care of some two thousand two hundred ministers.

—Spurgeon thinks that a church fair is "one of the most legitimate, and certainly one of the happiest, modes of obtaining money for a good cause, whether religious or otherwise."

—The Methodist Episcopal Church at Summit, N J, was robbed on Sunday night of everything movable. This is the second time the same thing has occurred within a few months.

—Garibaldi declares the Roman priesthood the cause of far more wars in Italy than the soldiers, and urges all young Italians who love peace to unite against the sacerdotal power and influence.

—Turk's Island, in the West Indies, has recently taken a census, and the following figures are reported as that of the general religious denominations in the colony: Baptists, 1,800; Episcopalians, 1,500; Wesleyans, 1,400; Presbyterians, 100.

—The pastoral letter of the Bishops, at the late Episcopal Convention, expressed opposition to ritualistic views as to the nature of the Holy Sacrament, to auricular confession, and the worship of saints, and closed with an earnest appeal against the lust for wealth which, in their opinion, is sapping public and private morals.

—The general drift toward co-operation which has been manifest in different modifications of the same denomination, this year, is operating among the Baptists. The Free-will branch, lately in session at Hillsdale, O, seriously discussed the project of changing their name and making overtures to the various bodies of liberal Baptists—those calling themselves Free Baptists, General Baptists, United Baptists, Separate Baptists, Church of God, and the rest—to co-operate with them, and to be represented in the general conference, without surrendering their specific name or changing their peculiar methods of managing their local affairs.

—It never seemed probable, judging from Moorish and Spanish wars, and some other historic events, recent and remote, that the Bible and Koran would be recognized by any one as correlative forces, but it is nevertheless a fact that a sect of Mohammedans has arisen in Persia, now numbering 200,000, which recognizes the Bible as the Word of God, and attempts to reconcile the creeds of Islam and Christianity. The sect is under powerful oppression, and many of its adherents have been slain, but in its strength of numbers and influence, and in its persistence, is of peculiar significance and hopefulness.

—The Jesuits are flourishing admirably at Brooklyn, N Y. Fathers Damen, Coghlan, Van Goch, Boopmans, Swagers, and Driessen—all Jesuits from Chicago—have been conducting what they call a "grand mission" at St Patrick's Church for 17 days in October. During this mission there were 10,500 communists, 49 adults were received into the communion of the Catholic Church, 220 adults were prepared for and received their first communion, and 603 persons were confirmed by Rt Rev Bishop Loughlin. Every evening during the mission, lectures were given both by Father Damen and by Father Coghlan—the one in the church, the other in the neighboring academy hall—and both places were constantly crowded.

A Sad Life.

For the last twenty years there has lived in a cave in Saline county, Ky, entirely alone, a singular character named Franklin Elliott, of whose past nothing was known, only it was surmised from his commanding proud face and cultivated expression, which his wretchedness was unable entirely to conceal, that he was the wreck of a once envied manhood. Once or twice in a year he would come into town, and with as few words as possible, barter game or pelts for powder, shot and salt—nothing more. When he saw people approaching he would always avoid them. A short time ago two gentlemen were hunting in the forest near the cave where he lived, and a storm coming up, they knocked for admission. Hearing no answer, they opened the iron-bound door, and saw upon a heap of skins and blankets the hermit lying dead. The cave was commodious, having been enlarged by himself, from a small hole to an apartment twenty-five feet square, and ten or twelve feet high, but quite void of furniture. Pieces of stone and niches in the rocky wall served as chairs, tables, and shelves. A rifle and fowling-piece were found, a long, broad bowie-knife, fishing tackle, cooking utensils, and a number of books. Among the latter were copies of Shakespeare, Sterne, Addison, Schiller, Southey, and Spencer. Besides these bare necessities of his existence, something of vastly more interest was found—a tin box filled with papers, which revealed his past history and the secret of his strange life. It was the same old story of disappointed love, a story stale and barren of interest to every one but the sufferer. He had been well-born, well-educated, and affluent. In early life he was a member of the Kentucky Legislature. There the blight fell upon him. He became dissipated and desperate, and his next misfortune was to fight a duel with a man named Bally, to whom the result was fatal. The laws of Kentucky were lax against duelling, and he had no trouble in going abroad, staying in Europe for two or three years. At the end of that time remorse and despair brought him back to the solitude of woods and caves, which he never afterward had the courage to desert.

A Legend of the Holy Grail.

Once in the days when men wandered through the world seeking that cup, made of a single precious stone, holding the real blood of Christ, a knight left England to search for the same in distant lands. As he passed from his door a poor sufferer cried to him for help. Absorbed in his grand hope, the knight heeded him not, but went on. He wandered to the Holy Land, fought in many wars, endured much, but found not the precious cup, and at last, disappointed and dejected, he returned home. As he neared his own house, the same poor sufferer cried to him for help. "What dost thou require?" asked the knight. The aged man said "Lo, I am perishing with thirst." The knight dismounted, and hastened to fetch a cup of water. He held the half-clad sufferer in his arms, raised his head, and proffered the water to his parched lips. Even as he did so, the cup sparkled into a gem, and the knight saw in his hand—the holy grail, flushed with the true blood of Christ, and so we, my brothers, may wander far, and traverse many realms of philosophy and theology, to find the truth which represents the true life-blood of the noblest soul, but we shall find it only when and where we love and serve as he did. If we but give to the fainting soul at our door a cup of water from the well of truth, it shall flash back on us the radiance of God. As we can save, so shall we be saved. And when we are really moved by the outcries of famished hearts and brains, as by the wailing of helpless babes—when we deeply long to be a light and hope to men—the ways of doing so will open before us, even as undreamed energies to fill them full shall be born within us.—*M D Conway*.

One Thomas Scott, whom love had made desperate, lately visited his sweetheart at Bowling Green, Mo, and made her an offer of marriage. She flatly refused him, when he said that he would kill her unless she reversed her decision. She at once faced him with a poker in her hand, and said: "Lay on, Macduff, if you think it would be healthy for you." Thomas drove home.